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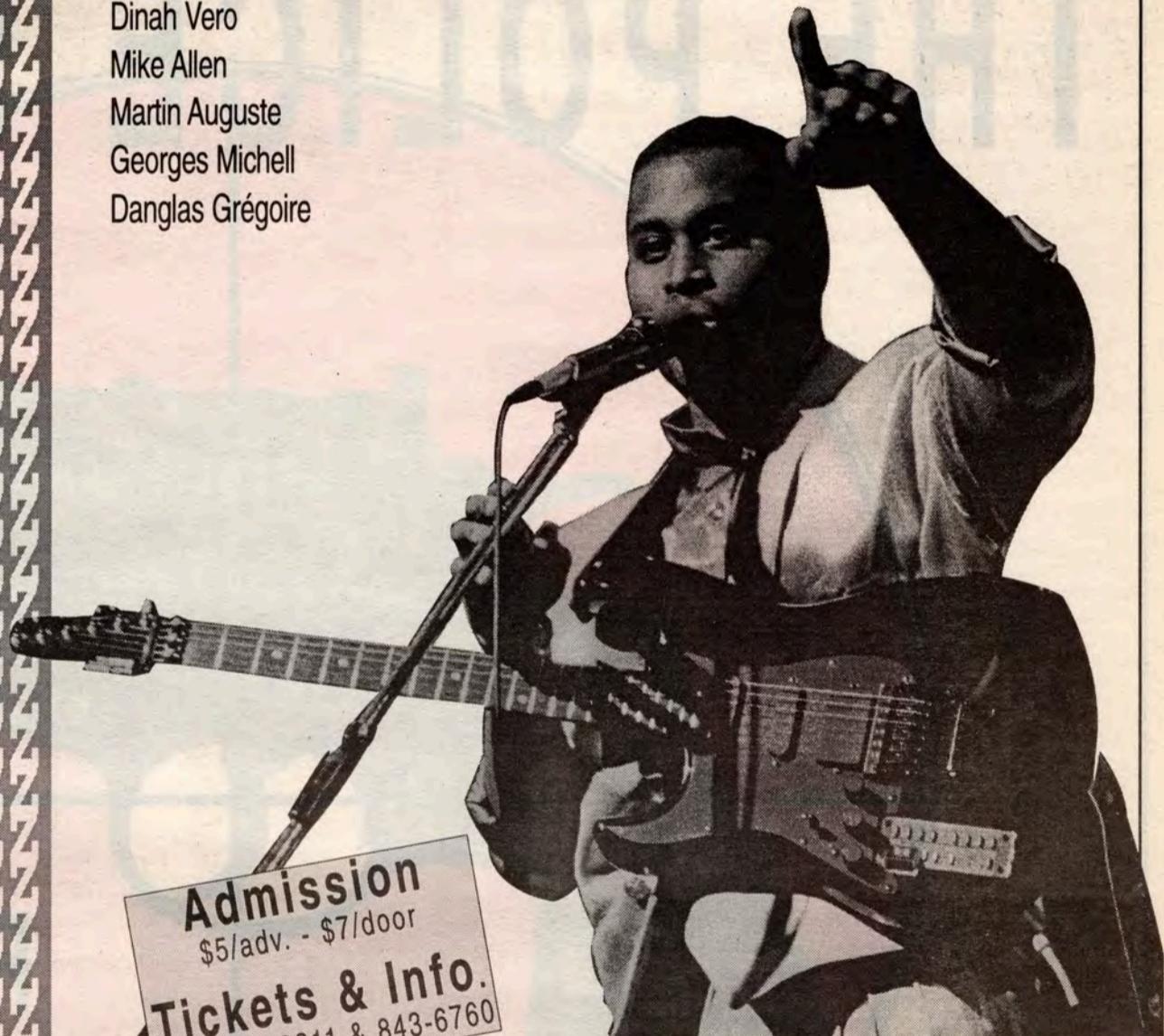
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DELIVERY

WOMEN IN ROCK

BY Karen Tercho

WOMEN IN ROCK is a vast, grey area many people are sick of hearing about. Faced with a plethora of opinions on the subject, we are barraged monthly with obtuse articles in corporate mags proclaiming "Wow, look, women *can* play...so today let's discuss **Babes in Toyland** versus **Tori Amos**..."

As a woman who rocks (I hope), I prefer to forget about the whole thing and play music without having to constantly acknowledge, for one reason or another, the gender of the people playing around me. Ideally, a super-enlightened musician would be blind to gender differences and would just rock. If he or she wore a dress on stage, it wouldn't mean a thing.

Unfortunately, sexism is still rampant, even in the world of indie rock where sensitive, often whiny boys seem very in touch with their feminine side. Yet it is important to praise the leaps toward equality that musically inclined ladies have made since the inception of rock n'roll.

From the very beginning, rock was, as it still is, a white, male-dominated genre. It is thus helpful to envision the progression of women in rock in similar terms as feminism: enormous barriers have been dissolved in a relatively short time period, but things are not by any means perfect.

The male-created stereotypes of women in the rock world of the 60s and 70s (sex object, victim, hysterical groupie) might still exist, but thanks to pioneers like **Patti Smith** those stereotypes have been busted open and left to evaporate. Furthermore, the punk revolution helped involve women in the actual processes of playing music, road managing, and starting their own record labels and fanzines.

A look at the current underground scenes in Washington DC, Los Angeles, and yes, Montreal, finds women involved in bands to the extent of mixed-and single-gendered indie rock normalcy...far beyond the stage of the token female bass player. Female-run record labels and fanzines abound. Girls now sing about "girl things" like eating disorders (L7's "Diet Pill"), parody macho guitar angst, spew bitterness over the beauty myth (the **Glo Girls**' "Barbie USA"), or, like **Liz Phair**, write songs about relationships and sex with an honesty and insightfulness unparalleled by most male artists, **Lou Barlow** included.

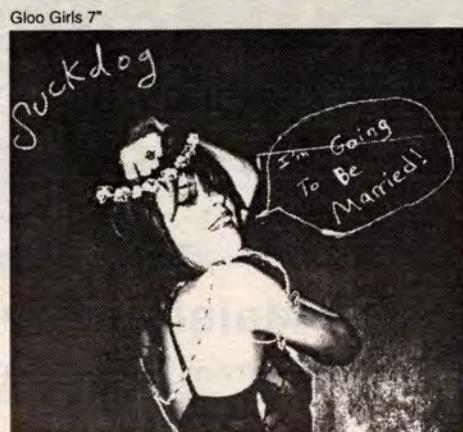
In addition to endlessly proving themselves capable of rocking just as hard as men, female musicians now have many options for expression. There is a growing list of female role models, not to mention unabashed media attention and major label interest ripe for manipulation. In recent interviews, Jackie Gallant, drummer for **Slaphappy 5**, Sindi and Gina, guitarists for the **Lunachicks**, and Cecil Seaskull of **Nerdy Girl**, all emphasized the rewarding aspects of inspired girl fans approaching them after shows

Hence, arguments that girls are less encouraged to pick up guitars and drums, and are thus technically lagging behind men, will soon be obsolete. And although some riot grrrl bands are musically political to the point of alienating potential fans, others are content to keep their politics separate. As Sindi of the Lunachicks remarked, "just what we do is a statement." Although all of the artists interviewed described themselves as feminists, Gallant concurs that simply having a female in a band diffuses "some of that stupid cocky macho crap...there's a different dynamic."

Despite the advantages working for women musicians, sexism still exists in the rock world. Things are apparently better today than ten years ago, because there are far more sexism reports from those who have been playing for awhile. While Lunachicks "fans" may scream "show us your tits," Gina says industry people are more subtle about it. As Cindy says, "We've been denied shows, we've been denied press, we've been denied virtually everything on the basis that we're women, but then again we've also probably gotten some slack for the same reason."

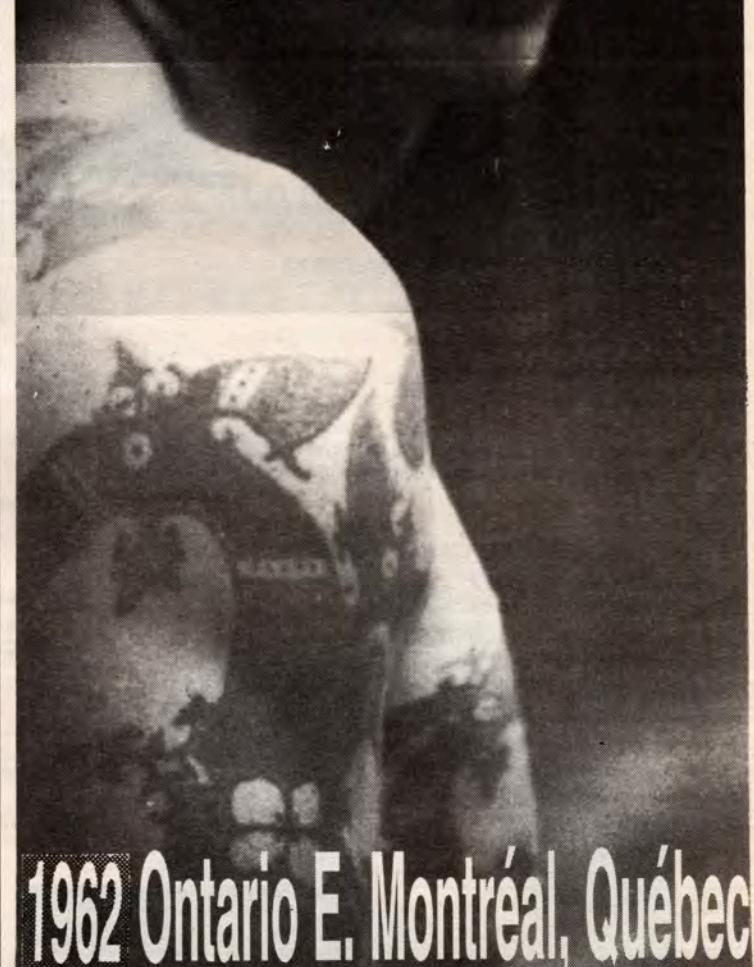
Significantly, the standard back-handed compliment "You play great...for a girl" has become a cliché. Instead, that kind of response has evolved to the following: [Gina impersonating male fan] "'was really surprised...if I didn't see you guys I'd think you were guys.' Sindi: "Is that supposed to be a compliment? I'm not sure! Does that mean we smell bad?" Akin to these observations are complaints about soundmen and music store employees making intimidating assumptions about the "inexperience" of women musicians, which can easily create or perpetuate a lack of confidence.

Hopefully, as women continue to appropriate the means of music production, the media feeding frenzy will subside, the more unenlightened guys will get used to it, and the inevitable backlash won't matter. Until then, the press will continue to treat women in rock as a deviation from the male norm. Someday, the inevitable "girl this, girl that" labeling will cease to exist. People will stop pigeonholing and putting girl-rock sexuality under a microscope. Until then, it is important to take note of the existing biases and stereotypes. As Cecil Seaskull wryly comments, "No one says 'Steven Spielberg, Boy Director.'"



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DE-EDUCATING SZCZERBOWSKI

and a cast of over 200 pigeons

by Cathleen Skidmore

From the revolving door of another official school year end pours the next generation of the discontented. These are the idealists who gravitate to art school in search of the creme of social rebellion, concretized subversive thought and delirious imagination forced to succumb to rigorous intervention.

Restrictions rooted in loans, grades, censorship, privileges and general brownie points take priority and once something is

actually created, the ability to

intellectually defend the artwork often

supersedes any other sensory perceptions, intentions or results. This process is intended to prepare the initiate for the next institution, the business of art.

"I graduated from there (Concordia) two years ago and I haven't done a single thing since, that's why I'm doing this. They forced me," says artist Maciek Szczerbowski with a passionate shrill.

His apartment resembles a post-war holocaust site with an abundance of mutant hybrid dolls and disemboweled body parts severed from their bodies, like the artist himself from a conscious link to the outside art world.

Szczerbowski recalls his four years spent studying theatre design with flaccid disdain. "The conception of it was fine, trying to find the abstract representation of what the play was about, there was a lot of excitement because nobody knew what direction it was going in yet. Then you build a model so you can clearly show the design for the actors, the director, the lighting dept. That's the fun and that's where it ends. From then on it's bullshit."

"The work is constantly being interpreted, diffused through 30 other people, 26 of them probably idiots. It eventually ends up being a pile of compromise. Ultimately you conclude that it would have been so much better if you could do everything yourself."

What may sound like the tethered woes of a fascistic egomaniac actually reads as unbridled passion in his miniature, obsessively constructed, detailed set of a Parisian hotel. Unrestricted by audience boundary, the street and its resident hotel can be viewed from every vantage point. In the hotel room wallpaper peels from the decrepit plaster walls and a filthy doily sits on an antique table branded by a parade of careless smokers. The bathroom sink reveals a century of abuse, on its side a well travelled toothbrush sits in a glass and a tube of toothpaste oozes after an over zealous squeeze. The armoire door swings open revealing items of tossed and hanging clothing. Books with real spines

(minutely photographed from the artist's library) and a sketch book of painted thoughts and souvenirs spill from a tote bag about an inch square in size. The building's exterior is peppered, nay, hammered with pigeon shit. This is every gothic child's ultimate Barbie house.

There is a strange tension in the deserted set rife with the clues of a past presence. The actors enter on cue. "I use dolls. They don't argue, they don't get tired, they don't have intentions or do vocal exercises and they sit there for a week if they have to," he revels, "I mould them to do exactly what I want, every finger. With respect to



Hotel room exterior, approx 13X10", photo: Steve Legari

real actors you could never do that. You have to treat them as artists themselves, you have to let them do their own thing which may in fact be contrary to what you want."

Rather than a marionette live-show, photographs will eventually capture the non-verbal narrative in a collection that will resemble a comic book. The lighting is controlled from within the set. The lamps, chandelier and over heads are all functional casting natural looking shadows. Dramatic perspective has been formatted in the set's construction. Not since Gaudi has architecture been so lyrical.

"I have thought this through to the minutest detail," Szczerbowski says leaning into his words. "In theatre, as soon as you have to do the drafting you realize that you can't have that really cool shape you formed in your mind, it has to be built out of 2"x4"s. Theatre killed me totally. You go into school thinking that you can do anything but they teach you safety and what you cannot do."

Instead of stalking alleys for wood treasures, this artist collects refuse like coffee stir sticks, straws, hair, road kill parts and a plethora of the unimaginable. Driven by poverty, often the mother of invention, he is among the more dutiful of recyclers. A man obsessed, yes. But he has clearly mastered space, interior gesture and atmospheric tone. If art school breeds discontent, it may also be part of the limitation necessary to create art.

FRINGE FESTIVAL
FRINGE FESTIVAL

DIG THE

FRINGE FESTIVAL
FRINGE FESTIVAL

by Lucy Trend

Montreal's Fifth annual Fringe Festival is well on its way, and if you haven't seen any shows by the time this hits the press then you're well on your way to missing it. And that would be a shame since in true fringe style this year's expanded festival has plenty of shows you'll love to love and love to hate.

In fact there's so much going on that it's easy to get overwhelmed by the number of choices especially if you're not in the habit of getting out to see theatre. But that's the thing about Fringe - ya pays ya money (\$1 - \$8) and ya takes ya chance.

The companies are booked on a first come first served basis and they want to do it so bad that they pay for the privilege. There's no funding for this festival - it really is a labour of love on the part of all. Kristin Morra started the ball rolling five years ago, building it up each year to its present impressive proportions, all the while struggling with negligible government funding that has finally diminished to zero for this year.

It's a hard grind and the festival depends on sponsorship to keep them going. This year's main sponsor, Sleemans Breweries, saved the day. After all, beer has a very important role to play in the proceedings. It's not just about what happens on stage, it's also about hanging out in the beer tent seeing what's up and who's out. You can even write your own comments about shows which, good, bad or ugly, are all posted up daily on the walls of the beer tent.

Companies are coming to town from across Canada with a smattering from

newcomers to look out for this year are Catherine Levitre, Nathalie Matteau, and Alexander Najar of Apartment Zero Productions, performing in the premiere of *Violet*, a study on the effects of violence and the dangers of love.

Just to prove that the frustrations of a jaded housewife are still a source of comedy and dramatic inspiration *Mad Dogs and Englishmen* are bring-

THEATER

ing us *All Home Bed and Church*. It's well acted, the subject still gets you thinking and additionally deserves support since all the profits from the show go to Chez Doris, a downtown shelter for homeless women. Still on the dramatic side, if you want to actively participate in your theatrical experience then try *Make Shift* from Laloba Productions, which promises to be something like a theater workshop combined with drama therapy. Risky business, but if you have heckling tendencies, why the hell not?

If that's not pretentious enough for you then go for Fluffy Pagan Echoes, who got together to read each other's poetry because they feared they might be pretentious. Now they realize that they really are, so they're performing it. *Resistance is Reasonable*, is entertaining, thought-provoking, rhythmical and real. Just don't expect any explanations about the name.....

While you're down to earth check out the dance double bill from Danse Thé'autre. Louise Moyes brings to life a series of characters from her native Newfoundland. Through

dance, humour and a stunning range of accents she proves to us that Newfies do it best (bring us down to earth, that is). Sara Porter takes the expression more literally, and to your delight, will show you just how amazingly sensual digging around in the dirt can get.

Of course Fringe isn't Fringe without straight up comedy. Titters sound exactly like who they are. Funny, on the ball and subtle to boot, the two woman show *Lashed but not Leashed* proves through a series of sketches, monologues and stand up comedy that "all it takes is a really good haircut and extravagant shoes."

So, last but not least, there's bands to watch daily, and it all ends up on Sunday June 18th with Fringestock, when 10 local bands play out the festival at an all day outdoor event. *Fringestock is taking place at Parc des Ameriques, on the corner of Rachel and St. Laurent.*



Photo: Guylaine Bedard

Left to right: Katherine Levitre, Nathalie Matteau, Alexander Najar in *Violet*.
the States and England. Among the more promising shows on the serious side is Ed Heidt from Saskatoon who performs *Holding a Mirror to the Mountain*, a biographical dramatization about a monk, writer and peace activist of the 1960s who died in Bangkok under dubious circumstances. Strange Fish Productions of Montreal are showing *Keep Tightly Closed in a Cool Dry Place*, a dynamic three man ensemble set in a single jail cell. Two sharp young Montrealers, Isabelle Brouillette and Guillermina Kerwin promise to bowl you over with their boldness in *Trois fois le chat tacheté a miaule*. And

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Live

PALACE BROTHERS

The Toast June 4th, Burlington, Vermont

After years of waiting, missing them when they played in Montreal last summer, and countless tales of wicked shows, I finally witnessed the Palace Brothers in all their mysterious glory. This show was righteous with a capital R. For those unfamiliar with the Palace Brothers, they play a haunting, ominous Kentucky-countrified sort of molasses slow sound that is stuck somewhere in the limbo between Hank Williams and the Bad Seeds. Principal songwriter Will Oldhams' admitted fondness for Nick Cave and his



Photo: Suroosh Avi

band of un-merry men is not as obvious as his distinct ability to create what has now become a Palace Brothers trademark. That is the ability to write songs that are so close to crossing the threshold between artist and audience, you feel as though the songs being performed are actually tangible, practically touchable. To witness this live, you'd think that the songs themselves were standing right next to you in the crowd, living and breathing. The band rambled through just over an hours worth of songs, including their new 7-inch "West Palm Beach," as well as older, more familiar material. Songs like "Come In," "Cinematographer," and "Miss Me When I Burn" translate thick, ornery emotion into what could be described as a subdued, yet venomous eloquence that very few have been able to put into song. Save for the annoying click-track provided for the rookie drummer, this show was unique in a way that only the Palace Brothers could be. -Rufus Raxlonovitch

SOUL COUGHING, PUBLIC ENEMA

Club Soda

June 6th

Never was a band so painfully divided. In town to promote their debut album *Ruby Vroom*, Soul Coughing clumsily straddled the line between hip hop, pop rock and beatnik jazz. A more successful venture would have been to break the foursome into two bands. The wickedly tight rhythm section of Yuval Gabay (drums) and Sebastian Steinberg (upright bass) - who powered the one-hour set with beats and grooves to keep any funkster/hip hop head bouncing - could have been Soul. The soul-less, stressed out antics of a singer/speaker/shouter M. Doughty and keyboard sampler player and cacaphonist Mark de Gli Antoni could have been Coughing.

Song after song promised greatness as Steinberg/Gabay threw down flowing, phat basslines over crisp, hard breakbeats - astoundingly and consistently funky. And song after song disappointed as Doughty grabbed the microphone and, with Antoni's dissonant assistance, tore the heart out of each jam.

Beatnik Nirvana wannabees meet Tribe Called Quest via the Spin Doctors. "If The Bare Naked Ladies were from New York ..." quipped my friend Noah -- however you put it, Soul Coughing's attempted eclecticism missed the mark. Their underlying pop feel may land them a niche with the pseudo-hip suburban college crowd, but the final word is that coughing suffocates the Soul.

Local motherfunkers Public Enema dropped their acid-funk-soul-hop thang to start off the night.

Opening with a slow jazz groove featuring the sweet scatting vocals of resident diva, Dessa Dileuro, the seven-piece band went to work loosening up the mite, seated crowd.

Guest Rapper Blue 13, from Washington D.C., broke the ice with an animated freestyle flow, answered by the cutting and scratching of the ever-patient, ever-potent DJ Eric (a.k.a. Kid Koala). Koala drew an outburst of applause a bout half way through the set, letting loose on the battle track DJ & Drums.

Yet throughout, and despite the pleas of bandleader Mark Robertson in the awesome closing number, a Sly-inspired soul Shakedown spotlighting Dileuro at her showstopping best, the audience shied away from the dancefloor - a far cry from the party-vibe later that evening as P.E. unleashed their regular frenzy for the dedicated Tuesday night funk freaks at the Voltaire ... Those in the know, know where to go.

Public Enema perform Tuesdays at Voltaire, 11 Prince Arthur W. - \$3
-T'Chu Dunlevy



Photo: Genevieve Napier

REBECCA WEST, STELLAR DWELLAR, POSTER CHILDREN, HARDSHIP POST

Beaudry Hall June 9th

This is the first time we ventured into the Beaudry Hall echo chamber. It holds about 400 people, it's floor to ceiling concrete, and it's decor is strictly Quebec national pride. Fleurs-de-Lys festoon every wall and pillar of the joint.

Friday night's crowd consisted of about 60 conservatively charged all ages teens; not a great turn out. So, mutually uninspired by one another, the audience remained seated to admire Halifax's Rebecca West. The female led trio timidly delivered their brand of catchy, up-beat noise pop. She (I don't know her name) had a good voice and once you managed to discern between the hall's chaotic reverberations and what they were actually playing, you could discover surprising variety in their songs. Still, it would be nice to see them in a good venue after they've been on the road for a little longer.

After a slight delay, the Stellar boys took their places (Rodriguez blew a fuse). Stellar Dwellar have been

playing a lot lately and it's paying off. They seem more and more comfortable with the stage and are playing like a tight unit. Their set was tight, flowing and fun to watch.

Later on, the Poster Children, from Illinois, took the stage by force. They rocked out. Rose, the bassist, rocked harder than Angus Young. She even took the time to offer up the Rock On Finger Salute during heavy moments. No joke, everyone was impressed. I assume they played mostly new stuff because I didn't recognize anything. Good show. The kids seem to think so too.

Hardship Post is another story. I don't know, maybe it was an off night, but these SubPop maritimers were, to be blunt, dull, stuffy, unbound, and in ways, unoriginal. In short, a disappointment. All but a small pocket of kids returned to their seats and lapsed back into a glazed view mode during the show. It seems like the whole band effort is half hearted. Anyway, I'll listen to their album before writing them off.

-Eric Digras & Patrick Conin



Photo: Peter Dearman

REVIEW

SOUL ASYLUM *Let Your Dim Light Shine* (Columbia/Sony)

Soul Asylum's new album opens with a flourish of processed-cheese guitars and the verse: "They say misery/loves company/We could start a company/and make misery...Frustrated Inc." Think it looks stupid on paper? You haven't lived until you've heard Dave caterwauling it. Man, if this is what you become after you've been fucking Winona Ryder for a while, maybe I should start directing my kinky fantasies elsewhere, because I never want to end up like this. It sounds like [cringe] mid-'80s Starship, or [shudder] Kansas, or [eek] Journey. But the thing this album most resembles to my ear is Corey Hart's gentle teen-rebellion anthem "Never Surrender." And I'd even give Corey the edge in this race, because he never pretended to be anything more than a teen heartthrob, and his transparent It's-Tough-To-Grow-Up ballad was at least kind of encouraging (see the title?). Dave, on the other hand, just wallows in it, as if anyone believes he's a miserable rock star. Of course, if anyone did believe it, would they care?

-Mark Lazar

EARTH *Phase 3 Thrones and Dominions* (Sub Pop)

Dylan Carlson and Tommy Hansen are back with their third Sub Pop release. Upon receiving *Thrones and Dominions* I was shocked to find out that there were eight tracks as opposed to three on their last recording (not to mention a track with real drums). Earth consists of guitar and mild percussion, that's it. No bass, no vocals, nothing. The opening cut "Harvey" reminds me of The Spacemen 3. Imagine the most minimalistic Melvins material you have ever heard; Earth are far more ridiculous. The only band ever to really get excited over still recording for Sub Pop.-Gary Worsley



STEELPOLE BATHTUB

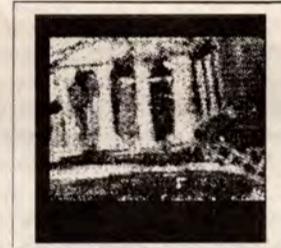
Scars From Falling Down (Slash /London /Polygram)

Emerging from the hubub of bohemia that is San Francisco, Steelpole Bathtub have a lineage to be proud of - countless tours, a legendary reputation for live shows, and righteous albums like "Tulip" and "Some Cocktail Suggestions From...". Yet this record has them bowing down to another faith besides that of rock, yes this album has Steelpole Bathtub kissing the feet of the main stream in a way that faithful followers would deem to be sacrilegious. Used to be that the Steelpole prescription of healthy doses of Can and the Melvins mixed with equal doses of a Latin percussion group on valium would put a smile on my stereo from speaker to speaker. Although almost catching up to themselves with songs like "Everything" and "Twist", that's about it for this record. Sounds like these guys didn't want to risk it, for fear of being grounded and put in their room without any tour bus.

-Rufus Raxlonovitch

THE FOR CARNATION *Fight Songs* (Matador)

Since the Louisville combo Slint broke up in 1989, then reformed in 1993 (see their eponymous e.p.), and then broke up again, their members have jumped aboard a slew of new projects. The band's ex-drummer, Brit Walford has joined Evergreen, bassist Ethan Buckler plays with King Kong, and guitarist David Pajo has moonlighted with the Palace Brothers, Tortoise, and his own creation, the David Pajo Band. Yet, what ever happened to their singer/guitarist Brian McMahan? After a long dry spell, McMahan is back with The For Carnation, a four piece band with a three song e.p. on Matador. *Fight Songs* features Pajo, Doug McCombs and John Herndon (all of Tortoise), along with multifarious string arrangements by the London Symphony. The opening song, "Grace Beneath the Pines" begins with the whispering vocals of McMahan, soothed into pallid guitar loops and tricklings of quiet to loud bass. "How I Beat the Devil" inducts the drums and violins into the band with a lurching and menacing hypertension foreboding its quick finish. Finally, "get and stay get March" combines all instruments together for an introspective ballad of solitude and



reflection. If this record is an indication of what to look for in the future from the post-Slint players, it makes me say three words: give us more.

-Jonah Brucker-Cohen

V/A

The Menu (Big Cheese / Cargo)

Yeah, if you're a rare groove or acid jazz type fan you'll dig this shit. This Eurojoint is full of that funkiness. It's even got some funky frenchy's flippin' their lids on the mic 1-2, 1-2. It's all underground and some of the tracks are apparently just heads jammin' n' funk in the studio so it's got that carefree kind of vibe to it. Except for the spoken word track where some guy with a British accent is talkin' bout chillin' in the park this disc came off pretty smooth. Some of that cruisin' with your girl in the convertible this summer, you know what I mean?

-Moss Man

CHANNEL LIVE

Station Identification

(Capitol / EMI)

This crew comes out riding a wave of meaty, KRS-One production, full of yummy big bass beats and sparse samples. But for all the clever sounds, quaint "channel" segments and social commentary, Channel Live fail to produce interesting rhymes or even a remotely compelling flow. Outclassed by its own production, this isn't a bad album, but the novelty begins to wear off after a few listens.

-Harris Newman

PSYCLONE RANGERS *The Devil May Care* (WORLD DOMINATION/MCA)

The pride of Pennsylvania boost the twang-o-meter on their latest roadtrip into roots inspired territory that's so recently down with the post punks. The Psyclone Rangers zoom through Carl Perkins-style riffs and laces them all with Horton Heat bred energy that's real easy on the ears. "Tilt-a-Whirl" is one skirt flapping shake-n-bake little floozy of a number, "Ain't Going Down" and "Nazi Mother" chug right along, and a sad rendition of Jonathon Richman's "I'm Straight" is downright slinky. Together, these songs make *The Devil May Care* worthy of much more than just a one-night stand.-Twister



TINDERSTICKS

Second Album (Polygram)

Tindersticks arise from the same murky depths as: Crime & the City Solution, Gallon Drunk, Nick Cave, Ennio Morricone, Johnny Cash... you get the idea. This is not kid-noise, angst-pop. The music is moody, dark & surprisingly sweet, without getting self indulgent or maudlin. These well considered, orchestrated songs, layered with horn and string arrangements are both theatrical and infectious (a rare combo, indeed); providing the perfect backdrop for Stewart Staples' song and stories. Go bug your local record dealer to stock it -Keith Marchand

V/A 110 Below (2 Below/Cargo)

This here is a compilation of various alternative hip-hop and acid jazz artists. They're all here from DJ Krush to Beck to the Ultra Magnetic MC's. The strongest tracks were the instrumental one's (3/4 of the disc) so I'd have to say that this comp. is more for DJ's and sampler/producer type freaks or for those out there who like to make phat bugged mix tapes. So on a scale from 362 to 507 I'd have to give it an ol' 448 (check the Howie B. tracks).

-Moss Man

SPIRITUALIZED *Pure Phase*

(Dedicated/Arista/BMG)

What a fiasco. This is just like when Primal Scream followed up the sublime *Screamadelica* with the ridiculous *Give Out, But Don't Give, Lazer Guided Melodies*. Spiritualized's last effort, was a brilliantly hazy collection of sparkling sonic gems from outer space... or something like that. Their latest, *Pure Phase*, suffers from the same grandiose rockist pretensions that destroyed Primal Scream. The opening track "Medication", is a meandering eight minutes that sounds like it was recorded by hippies with Alzheimer's. "What are we doing again? Oh right, playing a song." Finally on track number ten, the truth comes out: "Gonna have me some good times, good dope and good fun." Good dope. Now I remember- if you get fucked up enough, even shit sounds groovy. Pass the Minor Threat, please.-dickbird

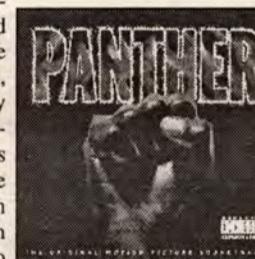
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Rugger Bugger (Vinyl Japan)

One of the last shows that Snuff played before disbanding is finally on CD! Twelve tracks including some of their tongue-in-cheek classics such as "City Crusty Attacked by Soap", their rendition of "Hazy Shade of Winter" and "Win Some, Lose Some" capturing the live fun that pop punk once was. The liner notes list the complete discography of the band that is now Guns n' Wankers. This is an album that any Fat Wreck kid with a conscience should own or anyone who remembers the glory of Snuff. RIP... Live On!-Kerry Harmer

V/A Panther Soundtrack (Polygram)

The Black Panthers' legacy of defiance and self-



assertion has survived the 60s and found a musical voice in the 90s hip hop, effectively captured by the *Panther* soundtrack. The set boasts many strong cuts, like The last Poets who spin philosophical with "Don't Give me No Broccoli and Tell Me it's Greens (What happened to our Rhythm)," noteworthy beyond the title for its speak/rap style. Just as potent are tracks by Da Lench Mob, Funkadelic and the Sounds of Blackness featuring Black Sheep ("We Shall Not Be Moved"). At the center of this musical maelstrom, are two versions of the lead single "Freedom", one featuring hip hop divas, the other, female rappers. The song, like the soundtrack, works because it instills pride without being corny.-Gerard Dee

Palookaville #7

by Seth (Drawn & Quarterly)

Seth is obsessed with the past and so he should be. Things were built to last, people were friendly and cartoons were done with a little bit of time and effort. Number seven is drawn real swell and each frame is as calm and confident as a '52 Buick. Ah to be negative 23 again. -Gavin McInnes

comics



CLUTCH *Self-titled* (EastWest/Atlantic)

Clutch's first release, *Transnational Speedway*... was definitely "heavy", so my interest in hearing their new album was genuine. While their previous album packed a predictable punch, this one is almost void of any redeeming qualities. One of those qualities is Clutch live. And while the self-parody macho posturing of singer Neil Fallon's sense of humour is refreshing, its downfall, as well as that of the music itself, is its redundancy. Refusing to observe the limits of sarcasm and feces consciousness, musically as well as lyrically, Clutch end up suffering in the music section of whatever martian JC Penney that spawned them. Missing in action are the guitars, along with the volume that should be as integral a part of Clutch in the studio as it is Clutch live. -Rufus Raxlonovitch

SCORN *Elipsis* (Earache) A staggering 79 minutes in length, what we have here are eight remixes taken from least year's brilliant *Evanesce*, as well as two other tracks. "Night Ash Black", re-mixed by Bill Laswell and Meat Beat Manifesto's "Silver Rain Fell" are outstanding. And although the mixes that I do like on this recording are great, there are a couple that are a little too rave for my liking. In any case, like all Scorn releases, *Elipsis* is excellent.-Gary Worsley

RESET *Reset* (Greenland)

Wow! This powerful child prodigy punk band is so incredibly tight it leaves hardly any room to breathe. The most amazing thing about RESET is that their oldest member is only seventeen years old! These talented Laval/West Island boys started RESET barely two years ago, and with the help of Marco Labelle from Enuff they have become better than any of the half-ass "punk" band that rode in on the coat tails of this latest trend. This hard hitting demo will have you doin' the pogo and singing along to the catchy tunes every time you hear it. The only problem is it's so short you'll have to keep rewinding it to hear it again. Look for a split 7" with Toronto's Trigger Happy this August. -Dominique Pampin

BHANGRA BOX

PREMI *Julie* (Multitone / BMG)

Premi, one of the oldest bands still together in the industry, are known for their unique and distinguishable tumbi and dhol ensemble. A successful band indeed with more than a dozen albums on the market. Their latest release, *Julie*, is far better than some of the bland monotonous and rather plain music that blossomed from this talented bunch of guys a few years back although their style has not changed. A careful examination of *Julie* will reveal familiar rhythms and beats of the past decade. The same music that easily distinguishes Premi from the rest of the crowd.-Mandip Panesar



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7

COP CULTURE

BY PETER DEARMAN



The following exploration of perspectives is based on interviews with Norman Couillard, Director of the Public Relations Department of the MUC Police, and with Jean-Claude Rochon, a Crime Prevention Counsellor at the District 24 station. They both agreed to talk about perspectives of police officers regarding relationships between police, public and the media.

I felt alien and nervous waiting for M. Rochon to receive me. I don't make a habit of talking to cops. Recent news, including the shooting of a surrendering shoplifter had me feeling anxious to ask questions about police overreaction and brutality. It's the issue that, more than any other, heightens awareness of the sometimes tense relationship between the police and public. The media has the power to throw the light of awareness on facts that are collisions between the world of cops and the world of the governed. These facts become news. Media can also, perhaps, illustrate how these facts register differently to different actors in the drama. This is what I wanted to do. I wanted to investigate "cop culture."

Officer Rochon greeted me warmly and explained that as a Conseiller en Prévention he was intimately involved with public outreach, and comfortable talking with the media. He has been a cop for 27 years: twelve on radio car, eleven years of sex offense work, four on narcotics, and now crime prevention. He has seen a lot of criminals and a lot of heat between the public and police. This is nothing new, as any cop will tell you.

[Rochon] *I think what the population is doing, or has done all the time, is judging the whole gang by one or two individuals. It might get frustrating when you are younger. When you're older like me you don't give a shit. I don't get frustrated. I think I'm an honest man.*

But Rochon's easy attitude about criticism may be a veneer. He admits that in some social settings, a police officer can be treated as a novelty, sought out by the curious, who have a tendency to evaluate the whole force based on their impression of this one officer.

Norman Couillard, Director of Public Relations for the MUC Police, feels that the scrutiny, alienation and pigeon-holing of cops by public opinion creates a very real stress on the officers. The recent suicide of an MUC officer gives testimony to this fact, as does the existence of a large and intricate system of internal counselling, which includes a team of psychologists.

[Couillard] *(The social authorities) are about the only authorities you can say whatever you want to... and those people are the police. It does play a certain factor on the individual (cop) who is a human being. People don't always take that into consideration because they call the police-they don't call me. As soon as we put on the uniform we sort of become part of a system... And not everybody in the department copes with it the same way. We have to work on that a little bit.*

Couillard operates the force's public relations team out of a comfortable, casual, well-decorated office space in Old Montréal with a very newsroomish feel to it. He was happy to take the time (on short notice) to speak with me. Displayed prominently over his desk is a poster of upright bullets in the pattern of superimposed male and female symbols. It commemorates the Montréal massacre, and reads "Plus Jamais. Never Again." in red letters, reminding me that violent tragedies affect cops deeply, who identify themselves as the protectors of peace.

[Couillard] *I've had situations where a three-month-old child dies in your arms, and you've got one who's three months also, and you say 'Hey, this could be my child.' And it's somebody's child, and it's important. And there's nothing you can do. There's a feeling of incapacity that we encounter so often because we arrive after the situ-*

tion-you know-if I'd passed here just ten minutes before it maybe wouldn't have happened. There's a lot of questions people ask themselves in the police department. Because we see the other side of life. And especially of death sometimes.

Couillard is not critical of the media's treatment of controversial events. Implicit in his view of such events is a strong belief in the soundness of the procedures followed by the authorities after the event; procedure that have a big influence on how the public may come to feel about the police. Far from being shy on the subject, he had a lot to say.

[Couillard] *News is to a certain extent controversy. If news is dry it is not really news.... We do make mistakes and we are involved in the majority of events (that make the news). With the number of interventions that we do have in a year, which is much over a million, there are events that do become controversial that we would like to deal with over again in another way, but... very often reflection is not something that we have the luxury of having. We don't always deal with things the proper way as people may take six months to study later on... and say 'maybe you should have gone six inches the other way.' But this is all right. It keeps people in line, and it helps us to go back and try to get it straight for the next time.*

Part of being a cop is submitting your judgement to a set of rules. Cops have procedures for dealing with situations, and are willing to explain the logic of these procedures. If you question that logic you invariably receive the same answer: We don't make the rules. As Couillard explained when asked if he felt there were too many laws, "a democratic society has means of altering what it feels is too repressive of freedom," and the police are "like an instrument of the judicial system." Holy Sociology 101!

Of course there are those situations where rules end and judgement enters. This is the stuff controversy is made of-when a cop may be accused of breaking the rules. Rochon admits that "some have less judgement than others." Unfortunately the public must acknowledge that an individual cop could use his judgement to decide at which point to start following the rules, and hope that police have no desire to abuse those rules. I suggested to both officers that the MUC Police have developed a reputation for being overly rough with suspects and arrestees.

[Couillard] *We're always working on ways of better doing things, there's no doubt about it. But... there's the aggressor and there's the police. Sometimes the cooperation is not equal, and what is defined as violent intervention is sometimes one exercised to a point where we don't want the intervention to go any further, and it seems as excessive force. But excessive force is something that is very difficult to define because believe me, I've seen guys who stand 5'2" and no problem, they could probably throw me somewhere. So there's no profile of an easy situation and a difficult situation... But to say that the MUC force is one that uses excessive force-not as one who wanted to protect the image of the department, not at all, but as one who knows and sees reports-I would have a very strong tendency to say no we are not.*

[Rochon] *I think the impression of the public of its police officers is not that bad. Mind you, if you're a guy that has had bad experiences with the police department, your impression is not good. Unless you're really honest with yourself... Well shit, everybody's selling cocaine and everybody's dealing (on the Plateau). These guys that are telling you to watch cops are the guys that have had problems with the law before. I think the average people, it doesn't bother anybody that has got a job and a family or is doing a straight life-he doesn't bother anybody.*

Although his days of doing narcotics busts are over, drugs are still an important concern in Rochon's new job in crime prevention. He is part of what the MUC Police call a "sociopreventative and community approach" to crime. Although the MUC

Police lay only about 2500 drug charges a year, compared to about 20 thousand for car theft and seven thousand for fraud, drugs are looked at as a major enemy in the fight against neighbourhood decline. Another big part of the MUC's agenda toward "community policing" is an improvement in the force's ability to operate effectively in a multiethnic environment. Plans include bringing the police closer to the public by decentralizing the stations to improve and encourage public access. We will be seeing smaller, more widely distributed "ministations."

[Couillard] You can't just deal with people because now we're into this pluralistic community. We have to get into every element of the pluralistic community to better understand and solve the problems. Community policing will be the essence of it all... We're getting into it right now. If you look, slowly the tentacles are going out and we're looking into the possibility of new stations opening up. One opened up in a Metro station a few weeks ago because at that station (Beaudry) we had a particular problem with the people who were occurring there.

A more communicative and visible presence in the communities will also entail more foot patrols, and more non-white cops. Couillard explains that it isn't always easy to recruit new staff from ethnic communities, offering as a possible reason that many come from countries where the police are more feared. "This is where the main conflict, our main problem we have to overcome exists" he said.

Tension and controversy work against the MUC's goal of a more effective and personal presence on the streets. As Couillard's PR team strives to smooth the transition, events such as shootings will continue to be discussed in the media. The functions of the police are many, and whether or not their mistakes or nasty reputation make cops a bad investment will always be a matter of opinion. But they do talk, they are human, and we know where they stand. The matter is socio-logical.



OFFICER NORMAN COUILLARD ON THE SUAZO SHOOTING

Dearman: When will an account of the shooting accident last Thursday be released?

Couillard: When the investigation is over. The Surette de Quebec are the ones doing the investigation.

D: How long does it generally take?

C: There's really no delay. It could be within three days if everything falls into place. It could be three weeks; it could be three months. There's no way I can answer.

D: I think the delay before an explanation is issued might hurt the MUC.

C: I agree. And our personnel make that remark to me because we are they entity that makes the statements, but we are also-I wouldn't want to use the word handcuffed-but we have to respect certain things, and there's a ministerial policy that says when a certain event happens no statements are made that would interfere with the investigation... No one has an interest to want to hide truth that is evident. In any case, people will find out what the truth is. So why not let them do their job and wait? Unfortunately if things are said in the meantime, well we have to live with them. It's the same thing with a court case involving anybody else. As soon as we arrest somebody we do not make any more statements regarding that.

D: Can anything further be said about the shooting other than it was an accident?

C: That's a conclusion.

D: Well that's the only statement the SQ has released.

C: Well that's the SQ. Maybe that's where their conclusion is bringing them...

D: Nobody knows whether the gun was in the officer's hand... in his holster...

C: No I don't know. This is what they have to investigate. And I honestly-I don't know. I honestly don't know.

D: Okay.

C: And if I did know I still wouldn't be able to make the statement because there are elements of the investigation which could bring us to a conclusion

FREE MUMIA ABU-JAMAL

The death warrant for Mumia Abu-Jamal was signed by Pennsylvania Governor Tom Ridge on June 1st setting the execution date for August 17, 1995. Mumia, a former Black Panther spokesman, outspoken MOVE supporter and president of the Philadelphia chapter of the Association of Black Journalists in 1980, was framed up on charges of killing a Philadelphia police officer in 1982. On June 5th, 1995 his attorneys filed an appeal for a new trial as well as a motion to have Judge Albert Sabo or "Death Row's King" step down from the proceedings. Sabo, an established racist, has sentenced more people to death(31 total) than any other judge in the U.S. Only two of these 31 people were white.

People are urged to send letters demanding Sabo retire for good to:
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ARCMAL 2023



PORTRAIT OF MUMIA BY GREGORY BENTON

"I WITNESSED A MURDER"

A FIRST HAND ACCOUNT OF THE SUAZO SHOOTING

There are many reasons why I'll never forget the name (or face of) Martin Omar Suazo. One, foremost in my mind and nightmares, is the look on his face after the fatal shooting on May 31st.

There I was, taking my usual bikepath home from work in Old Montreal. Tired, I decided to walk my bike up the hill on St. Laurent. I was standing on the corner of Ontario waiting for the light to change. When it did, I was forced to hesitate due to oncoming speeding police vehicles.

They were chasing a small grey and silver four door car. The car, containing three passengers, two



males and a female, was pulled over on the west side of St. Laurent just north of the Anarchist Bookstore, and just south of Sherbrooke.

Two officers jumped out of their car, guns immediately drawn, and proceeded to scream, in English, "Get out of the car!" repeatedly.

The male passenger in the back seat was out first. Then came the woman in the passenger seat. At this point I figured the people in the car were mass murderers, so I ran forward to an officer and noticed that the three in the car were no more than twenty-five, and were Latina/latino. I specifically remember thinking that these people couldn't have committed such a heinous crime as to warrant such aggression. At this time, the officers were screaming, aggressively and repeatedly to get on the ground.

All three, including Martin Omar Suazo complied with no resistance. The other male passenger was cuffed and taken away. Martin's girlfriend was cuffed and was stood up, about five feet north of Martin. Suazo was laying on the west side of the car, on the ground.

Then it happened. One shot, a single shot. Right in the neck; fatal. I guess I was programmed for some climactic music to be playing, but there was none. The blood began to run, from his neck, down the hill. After a few seconds in shock, Suazo's girlfriend began to scream. She was quickly taken away.

The officer who fired the shot began to walk away when another officer came up to him. They talked for five seconds and then walked away together into the woods behind the shooting. They never returned to the scene.

By now, there were close to a dozen police vehicles on the scene and the area had been taped off. The police asked me to leave the area twice before I came to my senses. I complied and sat down waiting for an officer to ask me what had happened. Nobody came. In shock, I walked home.

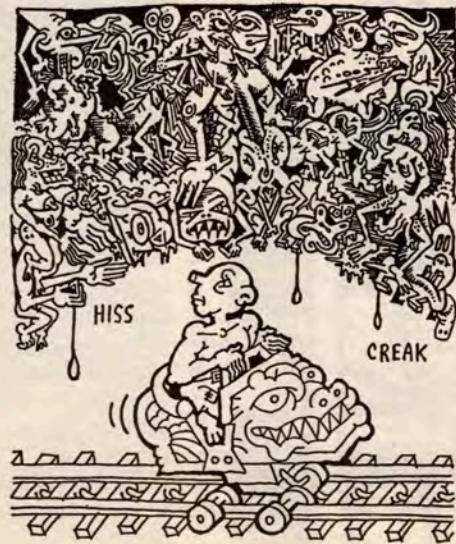
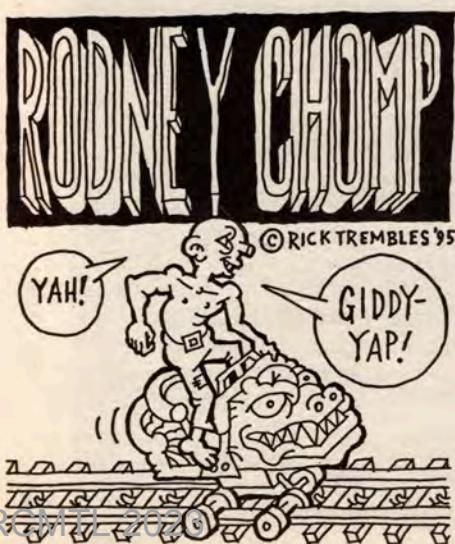
The next day, I called the S.Q. (Surete du Quebec) and came forward as a witness for their investigation. Nobody called back. I repeated the effort, and still no one called back. I ended up leaving an official statement with a secretary, but I was never able to sign it because no one called me back to book an appointment, rendering it invalid.(HMM?!)

I now see Martin Omar Suazo not only as an innocent victim, but as someone whose situation reflects our society and many of its societal problems.

Peace, Danny McCallum



AS BEEF CATTLE PRODUCTION IS RAPIDLY DESTROYING OUR PLANET, I THOUGHT MAYBE WE SHOULD 'SPIKE' SUPERMARKET STEAKS, JUST LIKE THEY 'SPIKE' TREES IN B.C. TO DISCOURAGE LOGGING...



The biggest freak in Canada



Vancouver's modern Renaissance man tells The Voice of Montreal about his record label, his bands, his TV shows and the cavalcade of celebrities that hate him.

I saw you were on Much Music recently.

Yeah, they just decided to run some clips that I had done of interviews over the years from CITR radio and local cable access shows. On Monday, they had me on fax doing a tour of CITR radio.

On Tuesday they profiled my band **The Evaporators** and on Wednesday they played the interview. So it was like my 15 hours of fame instead of 15 minutes. I guess we get more time in Canada because there's less people.

What happened with you and Gorbachev?

Gorbachev had come to Vancouver and I managed to get into the press conference through CITR and so, there was Gorbachev and I said to him first off, *dirshney rocken uos slobodnay sviet* which means "keep on rockin' in the free world" and then, after that, I asked (with help from my friend Lloyd who was suggesting some questions at the time), "of all the leaders you've encountered Dr. Gorbachev, who has the biggest pants?" At that point the RCMP guys grabbed me, escorted me out.

I saw you had some similar problems on the Ralph Benmergi show.

The thing with that was, they decided to fly me out there to be on the show and I thought they were going to show clips of my stuff but they just said "Here is Nardwuar he's this wacky guy from Vancouver now, how ya been Nardwuar?" and refused to play any clips. So all of Canada is wondering who the hell I am, Ralph's asking me these questions and I'm answering them and he's just staring at me blankly and I'm thinking to myself Ralph! Ralph! pull out of it! Stop freezing up on me! The worst part of it was, back stage I met some fancy Second City guy who knew John Belushi and stuff and he was going to give me a job that paid big bucks and I would be able to buy hamburgers, but after my performance they said "you're never ever coming back here again" and that was it.

You've had some other unfortunate incidents with celebrities. What happened with you and Skid Row.

Well, I was videotaping an interview with Sebastian Bach and, after only a few minutes, he said "I'm going

to beat you up for fun" and he grabbed my video camera and smashed my video cassette (containing interviews with; Bach, Sandra Bernhardt, George Clinton and Pierre Trudeau) and smashed it against the wall. Then, he grabbed the toque off my head (that I have had since age three when my Godmother gave it to me as a gift) and I took off.

That night we had a big protest march called Take Back the Toque at The Town Pump (**a very small Vancouver club**) where we discouraged people from going in despite the fact that it was a benefit for the Children's Hospital. We waited there 'till 5am but Sebastian was all coked up with an oriental girl on one arm, a caucasian girl on the other arm, barfing and puking all over the place. Apparently he said the only way I was going to get my toque back was if I performed sexual favours for him.

I also met Dan Quayle recently and I said "who is the Prime Minister of Canada?" and he hesitated, mumbling about Mulroney and Bush and the closest he came to Jean Chretien was "you now have a new Prime Minister of Canada." That's exactly what he said. When I saw Ringo Starr I said HEEEEY RIINGO and he said "yes that's my name pal" and I said Ringo you're last album sold 6500

copies and he said "oh really?" and jumped into his limo.

When I saw John Entwistle I forgot to ask him about the time he was so scared about choking on his own puke he slept with his head out the window and woke up the next morning covered in pigeon shit.

I did remember to confirm from Randy Bachman of BTO that he did in fact once bite into a Kentucky Fried rat that had accidentally fallen in the batter.

I interviewed Pierre Trudeau and brought up a story told to me by BMG's Nadine Geleneau. If Margaret Trudeau wanted to hear rock music when they lived on 24 Sussex she was forced to sit on the porch and wear headphones with this huge extension chord. His response was "well, the porch is part of the house as well" and everyone laughed.

I asked televangelist Ernest Angely if God has a cure

for the summertime blues. He said "God'll strike you dead boy!"

Pierre Burton told me he smokes marijuana.

Nirvana told me to fuck off.

Sonic Youth beat the shit out of me behind their tour bus.

On my radio show today I'll be interviewing researcher Paul Kangis who has some evidence that, in fact Nixon shot JFK and, now very few people know this, secret service agents were making love to the hole in his neck after the assassination.

"of all the leaders you've encountered Dr. Gorbachev, who has the biggest pants?"

I also discuss events like the singer of **Kick Axe** sitting on a broken beer bottle at a Toronto industry gig and destroying the bands future or America's plan to attack Canada as documented by the book *Bordering on Aggression*.

What do you think about Montreal?

I love Montreal. Especially because of my latest compilation *Skookum Chief Powered Teenage Zit Rock Angst* which has nineteen of the most mozzering bands in the world including Montreal's **Platon et les Caves** starring Bobby Beton from **The Gruesomes** and flipped out Phil from CKUT and Primitives Records and I love Primitive Records because they have cool records like **Cesar Romans**, **Les Lutans**, **Les Versatile** and all those cool, Quebecois 60's punk bands. In fact, **The Evaporators** cover *les yeuu farme-aye per ploo duh espwah* and some other cool French Canadian stuff and I love Schwartz's deli for those schmoked meats. In Seattle I like going to Dick's Drive-in (where Sir-Mix-A-Lot took his album cover from) and Fallout Records. In Vancouver I like eating at the Tomahawk Barbeque (which has the Skookum Chief hamburger) and going to Scratch Records. You see, every town has a great place to buy records and a great place to eat.

Nardwuar lives with his mother in West Van and refers to himself as a human serviette. Catalogues etc. are available from Nardwuar p.o. box 27021, 1395 Marine Drive, West Vancouver, B.C. Canada V7T 2X8.

INTERVIEW



CHAMBERLAND'S FILM REVOLUTION

By Ziad Touma

If a film makes you want to sleep, it would be an insult to the filmmaker not to allow yourself to do so!" believes Claude Chamberland, head of the *Montreal International Nouveau Festival of Cinema, Video and New Technology*. Sitting on the outside steps of Cinéma Parallèle, while gazing at the St-Laurent Boulevard strollers, Chamberland frankly admits "The more I think about it, the more I realize why I subconsciously changed the festival's dates from October to June. Only in the summertime do you encounter such beautiful Montrealers in the street."

Chamberland perceives film viewing as an integral part of the film's process and a significant experience in itself. After having spent 23 years celebrating new, original and imaginative ways of treating film, he expresses his own creativity by allowing audi-

ences to explore his literally "off-the-wall" projection settings. Whether it's underwater, in peep show booths, or in a living room, the uniquely different environments he chooses to show his work in afford him the last artistic link in a film's production chain. His innovative role becomes as crucial to the medium as, for instance, the roles held by the screenwriter, the director, the actor, or the editor.

105 years after what he believes was the principal invention of cinema by Augustin Le Prince, Chamberland (who set a Guinness record back in 1992 for organizing the world's longest uninterrupted screening held during 250 consecutive hours) wants to revive the film viewing experience just like it was in the old days, "an accessible friendly gathering, a fun fair."

On June 10th, he invited the general public to an intimate screening in a private loft on The

Main, where the owners generously shared their carpets, couches and beds; an authentically welcoming home entertainment atmosphere. The films, by Warhol and Rivette, lasted over 18 hours, during which time viewers walked in and out, watched, ate, painted, made out or slept.

In the revolutionary spirit of dismantling conventional film viewing, Chamberland handed out masks and breathing tubes at the Schubert Baths on June 12, allowing his audience to experience the sight and sound of short films entirely under water. Hoping that the show would not be breathtaking (get it? breathtaking...), I realized that the festival organizer was changing the way of perceiving an artform into an artform itself. The fact that 40 people at a time could view the film without hearing each other's reactions or express-

ing any verbal comment adds a whole new dimension to the traditional film viewing experience.

While many have adopted "outdoor screening art," which Chamberland first introduced to the festival three years ago, this year's Festival brings it back inside to present a selection of its program in 32 air-conditioned Peep Show booths. At the Sexo-Thèque, on the evening of June 17th, solitary viewers can interactively choose from a selection of films on 15 closed-circuit channels, "and if it's not satisfying enough, you can simply switch to the regular porn stuff," says Chamberland.

When the cine-park trend was in vogue, movie theatre owners thought they would lose their audiences forever. Then came home video, and the film medium was even more threatened. But in my opinion, even the

finest High Definition Television (HDTV) will never compare to

FILM

the social experience of going to the movies on a Tuesday night, surrounded by the smell of professionally theatre-popped popcorn. We owe the invention of the first-date-yawn-cruising-movement to the movie theatre as well as a renewed interest in firefighting due to a certain Nautilus commercial ad. This year, by stretching the limits of the film viewing experience so much, Claude Chamberland reminds us of the significance of the screening context and its subjective influence on a film's interpretation. That in itself is sufficient enough to make his Nouveau Festival "A Part of our Heritage".

backshelf Scavenger

Michael Will

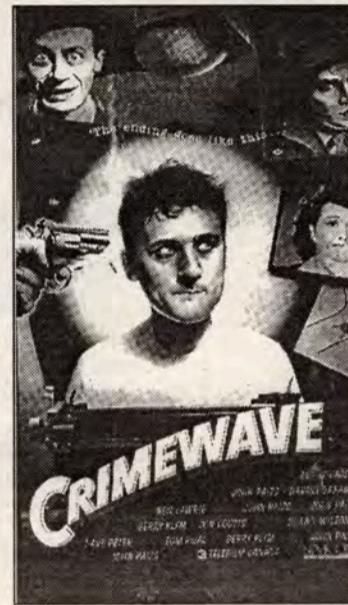
Followers of "Cinema Canada," (one of CBC's best offerings when not held hostage by hockey season), may have been lucky enough to catch a broadcast of *Crime Wave* (1986), written and directed and starring Winnipeg's John Paiz. Unlike as it sounds, this fleshed-out student's paste-up job of loosely-structured vignettes is one of the most perversely fascinating and hilarious comedies this country's ever produced.

Twelve-year-old Kim (Eva Kovacs) narrates, in the chirpiest After School Special fashion, this twisted account of her new "best friend" Stephen (Paiz) who never utters a word of dialogue. When the seemingly psychotic film school grad moves in above her parents' garage, Kim witnesses his excruciating artistic torment. Stephen's ambition is to write the perfect "colour crime movie" (a sort of gaudy, moodless antithesis of the film noir), but can only think up beginnings and endings and nothing in between. His stories are gruesomely dramatized by grotesques in kitschy professions such as Elvis impersonators and AMWAY peddlers. His characters embark on mass murder sprees with no story to explain why. With each failure Stephen's depression deepens, to the point where, semi-catastrophic, he has to be saved from being devoured by rats. Kim's Pollyanna-like attempts to brighten Stephen's life finally pay off when answering an ad, she hooks him up with a much-needed collaborator. With touching optimism he bids her farewell and sets off to seek his ticket to fame and fortune. But Stephen's new partner, a leering Texan in a ten gallon hat, turns out to be a Gacy-like serial killer.

Dark as it may sound, horror elements of this film are presented with such John Waters-like cartoonery that no one but the humour-deprived could take them the least bit seriously. What they add, however, is a lack of restraint, that keeps the viewer on edge about the *Tiger Bay*-like central theme: the platonic love affair between an innocent child and a seriously fucked-up young man. In one scene, deep inside one of Stephen's absurd scenarios, the demented youth bashes his face to a bloody pulp against a cement floor. The film then cuts directly to Kim, skipping across the lawn as the recurring theme music (a chipper little variation on the song from the 60s Canadian kiddies show, *The Forest Rangers*) plays. One never quite shakes the worry that if Paiz is this comfortable with appallingly bad taste, just how far is he willing to carry it? We find out in the

film's post-climactic, crowning final moment.

What hasn't been mentioned is the gorgeous look of this backyard production that was two years in its shoestring making. The timespan can be easily charted by watching young Kovacs, who switches maturity



levels from scene to scene as dramatically as Linda Blair in *The Exorcist*. One suspects it was shot on the cheapest available 16mm stock, but the colours are vibrantly garish as in the cut-rate Pathé chemical mutations of the 50s and 60s (as opposed to the over-praised Technicolor). This sort of vintage phoniness is used by Paiz out of no sense of corny reverence but just for how amusing it looks. At one point there's a giant backdrop, meant to represent a prairie town's main drag stretching horizon-wards, that in the finest Hitchcock *Marnie* tradition is nothing more than a primally-coloured enlargement of a Vegas-outskirt 50s postcard. It was likely painted by Paiz himself, who's credited with all the campy artwork. One wonders where he found the print for the opening and closing credits which are done in 40s menu-list style, complete with the S-loopy brackets.

This splendid film comes with a major consumer warning: do not mix it up with the widely distributed Coen Brothers' flop, *Crimewave* (1985), which I haven't seen but from most accounts is pretty ghastly. The only place in town, as far as I know, to rent John Paiz's *Crime Wave* (note the uncompounded spelling, and pay attention to this when you're searching the computer) is at the Movieland across from the Faubourg.

Tiger Bay, incidentally, is a nifty Brit suspense flick from 1959. Horst Buchholz (best looking actor of his time) is a German sailor who commits a crime of passion and is forced to abduct the only witness, a waterfront brat (Hayley Mills, in her first role and at her fuck-you tomboy best) who turns protector as the heat moves in. It's at Boite Noire.

REVOLUTIONS PER MINUTE

by Fred Quimby

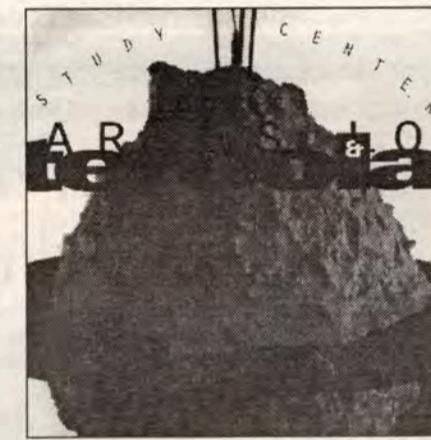
This issue's column has been expanded by 3 inches. By that I mean we're moving from 7" to 10". The 10" vinyl format was the original size records were issued on many moons ago before record companies expanded to twelve inch. Back then they were called "sides". Original releases from early blues, jazz and country artists that featured one or two songs on one sided grooved discs that you'd crank up on the Vitrola. They came in cardboard and brown paper sleeves and were thick and hefty. The music of Bessie Smith or Louis Armstrong's *Hot Five* would rise up magically in a wonderful crackle. Like the seven inch, the ten inch never went away completely, and has experienced a comeback through independent records circles in the last couple of years. Here's a couple of the finer releases from the last little while...

GRIFTERS *Eureka EP*

Though this is on CD as well, these seven new songs were released on a 10" about a month in advance and is still currently available. This is a mini-follow up to last year's brilliant "Crappin' you negative" record, and finds this Memphis crew in a slower, more introspective and moodier state of mind. And it works wonderfully. They experiment more with a variety of instrumentation, and the EP's title track, "Eureka I.V." sets the mood for this journey. A song accented by a ringing slide guitar and a sad pace of rhythm. "Slow Day for the Cleaner" and "Founder's Day Parade" are sombre and sparse, full of probing and unanswered questions. There's an entire feel to this record that's hard to pin down. There seems to be a definite southern state of mind all over *Eureka* and we're not talking *Molly Hatchet* either. It's the dark and mysterious South that writers like Harry Crews talk about. This whole EP seems to be wrapped in strained emotion and spiritual questioning. A band from any big metropolis like New York or Chicago would not be able to come up with this kind of sound, or pen a lyric like "I'm going to spread you out like a dead bat". For this EP, they've returned to their very creative use of the four track cassette, and achieve a very raw yet uniquely deep sound. The great thing about the Grifters is they are probably their own biggest critics, and seem to grow, explore, and develop with each release. I could go on about the kind of majesty this band is capable of, but I'll do my best to restrain myself. This EP sounds like nothing else they've done to date, and for my money are one of the finest bands currently around. Seek this out. (Shangr-la Records 1916 Madison Ave. Memphis, TN. 38104)

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT *The State of Art is on Fire*

These fuel injected San Diego based power-punk-riff-rockers return in very fine form. This 10" is one of a few R.F.T.C. releases that will lead up to their third full length, due out sometime this summer. The four songs on the A-side blaze like a runaway train. The running theme seems to involve fire, with songs like "Light Me", "At in Arson Class", and "Human Torch" Notorious for monster riffs, punchy rhythms and horns, these greased-back slicksters are definitely on fire as they pummel through these songs. "Ratsize" on the B-side is more typical rocket-fashion, and sounds closer to their "Circa:Now!" recordings, which translates to ridiculously catchy. Wiggy keyboards and horns take over the usual twin Les Paul guitar attack on the 10" closing number, "Human Spine". Rocket from the Crypt are known for their snap, crackle, and punk, and it still amazes me that, they've yet to reach wide acceptance. Maybe their brand of 50's rockabilly snarl (especially on their newer material) mixed with 90's punk aesthetics is too much for some to handle. Wimpy. Chuck out that *Offspring* record and it's safe, braided brand of punk, and hop on to the rocket for a real ride. (Sympathy for the Record industry)



STEREOLAB *Music for the Amorphous Body Study Center*

These six new recordings were composed earlier this year, as part of an art installation with New York City based designer/artist Charles Long. Each song accompanied an installation, where headphones were included. The object was to listen to these songs while viewing Long's work, and to come up with your own conclusions. The intent was to see how music affected each individual, combined with looking at each amorphous (vague, nondescript, shapeless) art piece. Sounds too arty or pretentious? Regardless, you can enjoy this simply on its own musical merit, in the confines of your own home without the stuffy confines of an art gallery. Their beautiful brand of space-pop bounces along without a bump. The catch however may be trying to track this down. As it's been released on stereolab's own label, Duophonic, and becomes one of those hard to find imports.

(DUOPHONIC P.O. BOX 3787, LONDON SE229DZ, ENGLAND)

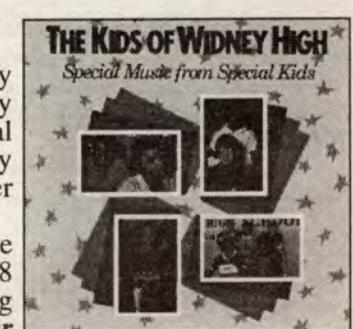
RECORDINGS FOR DEVIANTS

The Kids of Widney High
Special Music From Special Kids (ROUNDER)

by Lorraine Ménard

"My name is Norman I like to sleep" sings one of Widney High's challenged young people in "Primary Reinforcement". Mike Patton of Faith No More voted Special Music from Special Kids the best album ever made, Tiffany called it "full of wonder" and every cool magazine from Answer Me! to Ben Is Dead has interviewed them.

Why all the hype? Because music by retard is perfectly pure and utterly sincere. Sure you start off laughing but after about 8 listens you'll find yourself singing along to heart wrenching classics like "65 Years Old" and "Mirror, Mirror". Rounder Records Corp., One Camp Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02140



THE JAZZ FEST BLUES

some local artists have their say

by Gerard Dee

In a city that boasts almost three months of solid summer events, it is Montreal's International Jazz Festival that gets the most recognition.

The Jazz Fest seems like a winner-take-all situation: the city gets tourist dollars, the public gets great music, and the local jazz scene gets a shot of

CITY

adrenaline as the city vibrates to a jazz beat for ten days.



Sidney "Big Sid" Catlett

On the surface no one questions the party atmosphere of the Jazz Fest. But where do local musicians fit in?

Indoor venues are often reserved for big names from outside the city, so the locals play the outdoor concerts, usually for free. It's not a bad deal considering the exposure and potential recognition, but the problem is, not everyone gets to play and those that do often find out after everything else is booked.

The last time local musician **Glen Clark** played the Jazz Fest was eight years ago. Clark's specialty of Congas and African drums entertained Montreal audiences that one time only because since then, according to Clark, the festival committee won't give him the time of day.

"It's not bad bringing the foreign artists so that people can get to see a different perspective," says Clark. "But what's happening, is that local guys who can play, find it difficult to get chances."

Clark has his own theories on

why these chances are scarce.

"If you don't have connections, then forget it," he says. "At the end they just tell you 'we're sorry.' They give you a normal job reply."

Frustrating? Sounds like it. But then the door is always hardest to kick down when you're knocking from the outside, and it should be easier for established artists.

Ranee Lee is one of the most established names in the Montreal jazz scene. She's per-

sons behind the festival's decision is a very basic one.

"The Jazz Fest was there to make money," he says. "And they're going to go with the name artists in order to make the money, that's the bottom line."

The whole business of staging a successful Jazz Fest while trying to appease the local scene is a tricky one. Often, the dollar bill wins out over artistic merit because the Jazz Fest is a business before it's entertainment.

For baritone saxophonist Charles Papasoff, who's played almost every year in the Fest, the business aspect of the event is a matter of course.

"Obviously, the priority for them is to book the paying shows, the inside shows, so that they can get their publicity out and sell tickets," he says. "To book the exterior shows are less of a priority, because of the fact that it's free. They're not making any money."

But the outdoor shows often translate into local talent waiting to find out whether they're in or not. Still, Papasoff upholds the integrity of the Jazz Fest organization.

"It's easy to bitch and it's easy to complain, but the fact of the matter is that it's a big logistical nightmare and they're doing the best they can, under the circumstances, to organize it."

And what happens after the big, logistical nightmare is over? Not much, with regards to the local jazz scene. In fact one of the major complaints of many local musicians is that the Jazz Festival's influence doesn't extend beyond its ten-day run.

Jazz vocalist Densil Pinnock makes this point very clear.

"People say that Montreal's so great and it must be a great city to play jazz in because of the huge festival, and it's not necessarily that at all," he says. "It's just the festival having a lot of money to hype (the event) and the size of it all gives people the impression that this is what it's like all year round, when in actual fact it's not."

Still, while many local musicians have mixed feelings about the benefits of the Jazz Fest, not many would do away with it. With all its problems, it still comes down to the music.

"I feel it has been important to have a jazz festival because it's opened the musical ears of the public, it's been introduced to people who may have never discovered the music," says Ranee Lee.

"It's a wonderful situation, maybe not always for the local musician, but for people who are in need of hearing musicians and other talents from around the world."

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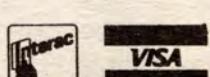
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MUSIC

16 june

An unforgettable musical experience with Lorraine Klaasen and Soweto Groove, Pat Dillon, Yves Langlois, Dale Given, Jennifer Meade & Genuine Faith Choir and Slim Williams, musical director at the Loyola Concert Hall, 7141 Sherbrooke W., Tickets: \$15. & \$20. Call 333-1852 or 481-2897.

20 june to 23 july

Nuits D'Afrique presents Showcase D'Étoiles starring The Honeyman, Explosif 007 De Sony Lov, Martin Albino & Unison, J.P. Buse and a Tropical Dance Night at Club Balattou, \$5. Info: 845-5447.

22 june

George Michael haters Death will rock the Spectrum so go to it. Admissions: 790-1245

27-28 june

Jazz songstress Holly Cole with Aaron Davis, David Piltch and special guest Jann Arden at the St-Denis Theatre, 8 p.m. Tickets: \$23.50 to \$29.50, 849-4211. June 28 performance will be taped for tv broadcast.

Tickets go on sale for:
WEEZER with Teenage Fanclub and That Dog June 17, 10 a.m., Admissions: 790-1245.

Maximus. Metropolis.

CLUBS/RAVES

15 june (June 22 in Toronto)

Vague is an event designed to showcase revolutionary street-fashion inspired by skateboarders, in-line skaters, ravers, and hip-hoppers; all Canadian, all affordable, all ages, all for function and fun. 'It is an event designed to raise the visibility of some excellent, young streetwear designers and manufacturers,' says Scott from En Equilibrium (EQ), organisers of the event. Feast your eyes on Lithium, NFA, Rewind Dames and Planet-X for girls and guys. Go for the skateboard demo and fashion show and stay for the music. Playground, 1296 Amherst, 9 p.m., \$5/door. INFO: (MTL) 844-4211, T.O. 416-869-0789.

15 june

Rap Fest '95 featuring Keith Murray, Redman, Too Short and Biz Markie with Montreal's R-Kade and Tech-9. Dr. Jamm and DJ Mike Mission on

the wheels at Metropolis. Tickets: \$18.50 adv./\$22.50 door. Rap Hot Lines 735-4242 (Olga), 935-6029.

16 june

Armand Van Helden (the Witch Doktor) at Central (Playground) with Luc Raymond, Patrick Dream, and Mika & Söl. Tickets: \$12, 11 p.m.-8 a.m. Info: 284-7663.

16 june

Symbiose starring Montreal's: Mino-Mono, Rob Brown, Adityo, Saturnin, Mateo, XL and special guests Zig Zag & Franky Boy. There's a Smart Bar, Herbal E, chill room, body piercing, bungee jumping and a shuttle bus. \$10-\$20, 16+, INFO: 990-0672.

19 june

At the Diva Bar & lounge (3481 St Laurent, 282-6644) check out Karl-N-Jazz with DJ Zadio and host Karl. This Monday features Edwin & The Bedouens.

1 july

Pulse with Marylin from Paris, Mini-Mono, Mateo, Saturnin and Brainstorm and a live performance by ICI \$18-\$22. Location revealed 48 hrs prior. net> ecto@magnet.ca. Pulse Productions: 288-5874.

FILM

june-july

Festival de Film du Monde present the 100 best films of the last 100 years at the Cinéma Impérial, 1430 Bleury, 848-0300 and the Conservatoire d'Art Cinématographique, 1400 de Maisonneuve W., 848-3878..See your favourite old film on the big screen for only \$3.

to 18 june

Le Nouveau Festival international du cinéma, de la vidéo et des nouvelles technologies de Montréal (whew!), a.k.a has loads of extraordinary, never before seen films from notable directors and a joyous orchestration of viewing possibilities. A gem in a world of film festivals. Call 843-4725.

EXHIBITIONS

to 28 june

Artist/performer Alice Lafèche at Galerie 303, 372 St-Catherine W 393-3771.

to 25 june

Donald Baechler presents Owls, Days of the Week, Flowers and Trees at Galerie Graff, 963 Rachel E., 526-2616

to 15 October

Images du Futur celebrates its 10th anniversary with works of 18 international artists focused on new and interactive art. Explore virtual art, CD-ROMs, the internet, and the all new, permanent Electronic Café at the Old Port, 85 St-Paul W/St-Sulpice, Metro Place d'Armes. Info: 849-1612.

COMMUNITY EVENTS

15 june to 30 july

Children's Rights is a photo exhibition produced in collaboration with UNICEF. Free. Information: 982-1812.

16 june

Alternatives pour l'Algérie is a seminar organized by the Center for Arabic Studies, Ottawa, for solidarity and cooperation between the popular Algerian movement and others. For information call Jawad Sqalli at 982-6606.

1 july - 28 feb. (deadline)

The Canadian League of Black Artists is calling on poets for the National Black Poetry Competition. Submissions should be forwarded to P.O. Box 1602 Place Bonaventure, Montreal, Que. H5A 1H6. Participants are asked to contribute five dollars for each poem. Prizes range from \$300 first prize to \$100 third prize, cash, awarded in June 1996.

BENEFITS

8 july

Foodstock '95 is an all ages benefit for the Fonds de Dépannage du Nord Ouest de Montréal. bands include Slaves On Dope, The Snitches and Stellar Dweller with special guests Mobius Strip, Livid, The Gleemen, and Doc Blinkie, MC Too Tall. Doors open at 5:30 p.m. Venue: YMCA Family Centre, 230 Brunswick, Pointe Claire/St-Jean. \$5; \$1 reduction for a non-perishable food item. For more info. call Shawn Payette: (514) 694-9622.

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Photo: Steve Legari

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